Em. But now my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neere the earth then she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Em. *Cassio* my Lord has kil'd a young *Venetian*,
Cal'd *Roderigo*.
Oth. *Roderigo* kild, and *Cassio* kild?
Em. No, *Cassio* is not kild.
Oth. Not *Cassio* kild? then murder's out of tune,
And sweet reuenge growes harsh.
Des. O falsly, falsly murdered.
Em. Ahlas, what cry is that?
Oth. That, what?
Em. Out and alas, it was my Ladies voyce,
Helpe, helpe, ho helpe, O Lady speake againe,
Sweet *Desdemona*, O sweet mistresse speake.
Des. A guiltlesse death I die.
Em. O who has done this deed?
Des. Nobody, I my selfe, farewell:
Commend me to my kinde Lord, O farewell. *She dies.*
Oth. Why how should she be murdered?
Em. Alas, who knowes?
Oth. You heard her say, her selfe, it was not I.
Em. She sayd so, I must needs report a truth.
Oth. She's like a lyer gone to burning hell,
T'was I that kild her.
Em. O, the more Angell she,
And you the blacker deuill.
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Em Thou doest bely her and thou art a deuill.
Oth. She was false as water.
Em. Thou art rash as fire,
To say that she was false: O she was heauenly true.
Oth. *Cassio* did top her, aske thy husband else,
O I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds
To this extremity, thy husband knew it all.
Em. My husband:

Oth.